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(17)
FOUR EXCELLENT
New Songs,

V I Z.

All the World's a Stage.
DOWN THE BURN DAVIE LOVE.

Colin's Request.

A N D

The Object I adore.



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E D I N B U R G H:

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(2)

All the World's a Stage.

THIS world is a stage,
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng,
But all is confusion,
Mere folly, delusion,
And faith nothing else but a song, a song,
a song.
And faith nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
Says your soul he will save;
And point the right way from the wrong;
After piously teaching,
And long winded preaching.
He puts off his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
With assurance to make you live long;
But believe me, 'tis true,
The guinea's in view,
And the rest is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold,
His lancet doth hold,
And flashes your body along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
To swell up your charges,
His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The soldier he rattles,
 Of sieges and battles,
 And actions that he's been among;
 His preferment and spirit
 Are both like his merit,
 You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,
 See the clouds how they rise,
 Up aloft my brisk lads, it blows strong;
 Boy, make us some flip,
 And I'll warrant the ship
 Will soon reach her port, is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
 The lawyer he scribbles,
 And moves his mellifluous tongue;
 'Twixt a demur and vacation
 He'll raise expectation,
 'Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The merchant is bent
 On his twenty per cent.
 To him journal and ledger belong;
 Commillion, with charges,
 His profit enlarges,
 'Till his balance may end in a song, &c.

With powder and lace,
 And effeminate face,
 The gay fop behold strutting along

Just arriv'd from his travels,
 At nothing he levels,
 But just at a dauce and a song, &c.

The gentle coquet,
 She's all in a fret,
 In a morn, if her toilet be wrong;
 The whole day she will pass,
 To consult her dear glass
 And at night die away with a song, &c.

The surly old prude,
 She will say you are rude,
 For the blis though she secretly long;
 But take her aside,
 You may manage her pride,
 And her virtue bring down to a song, &c.

The courtier he smiles,
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long;
 He squeezes your hand,
 And calls you his friend,
 Yct means nothing more than a song, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
 Drive hence melancholly,
 Since we are brave fellows among,
 Taste life as it passes,
 And fill up your glasses,
 And each honest blade sing a song, &c.

Down the Burn Davie Love.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee';
 Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free;

Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 And soon I'll follow thee;
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 And I'll soon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and troth,
 And a bonny bride he made her :
 No more aſham'd to own her love,
 Or ſpeak her mind thus free ;

Gang down the burn Davie, love;
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 And I'll ſoon follow thee ;
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Down the burn Davie, love,
 Gang down the burn Davie, love,
 And I'll ſoon follow thee.

Colin's Request.

HELP me each harmonious grove,
 Gentle whisper all ye trees,
 Tune each warbling throat to love,
 Cool each mead with ſofter breeze,
 Tune each warbling throat to love,
 Cool each mead with ſofter breeze.
 Breath ſweet odour ev'ry flower ;
 All your various paintings ſhew ;
 Pleaſing verdure grace each bower,
 Around let ev'ry bleſſing flow.

Glide ye limpid brooks along,
 Phœbus glance thy mildest ray,
 Murm'ring floods repeat my song,
 And tell what Colin dare not say.

Celia comes whose charming air
 Fires with love the rural swains;
 Tell, ah! tell the blooming fair
 That Colin dies if she disdain.

The Object I adore.

LET poets praise the pasture mead,
 The moss-clad hill, and dale,
 The shepherd piping on the reed,
 The maid with milking pail.

The lark who soars on pinions high,
 With mellifluous note,
 The sheep, the herd, the butterfly,
 The frisky fawn, and goat.

The bubbling brook, the goat, the grove,
 The blooming flow'rs so gay,
 The wood, the brake, the sweet alcove,
 Or smiling dawn of day.

While I a loftier theme rehearse,
 And think on these no more,

But praise in found and faithful verse
The object I adore.

Her skin is like the lily white,
Her cheeks red roses are,
Her eyes outshine the sun-beam's light;
Her shape most debonair.

Her manners mild as turtle-dove,
In ringlets flow her hair;
She looks, she is the queen of love,
And fairest of the fair.

Her breath like spicy odours sweet;
That scent the eastern clime;
Her mind, her ways are all complete,
And source of all sublime.

To dwell with her through life's short space,
And view her heav'nly charms,
Are all the joys I wish to trace,
Then die within her arms.

F I N I S



